

WHAT I HAVE IN MY HAND  
IS A LIST OF POETS  
IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT.  
A LIST OF HIGH PLACES  
WHERE ONLY A POET  
COULD EXIST. WHEN  
YOUR NAME IS CALLED  
I WANT YOU TO LEAVE QUIETLY  
AND PLACE YOURSELF  
UNDER ARREST. WE WILL  
COME TO YOUR HOUSE.  
DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE.  
THIS IS A WARNING.

#### SLEUTHS OF OLD

Every castle is a means of escape.  
Every man is a straight line  
leading to an exit. All doors  
are reversible. All knocks,  
paper mache. Halls are long  
passages in get-a-ways. The crime  
is nosing around underground.  
This weapon is raised on an arm  
of glue. The question of survival  
attacks the whole machine. An  
enemy is seen. A tone of alert  
whistled under dark. The day  
is passing but the earliest omens  
are abroad before you're awake.  
The night contains nothing  
but the bark of a dog yet  
you only have hours to live.